



JUNE

Huckleberry Hound

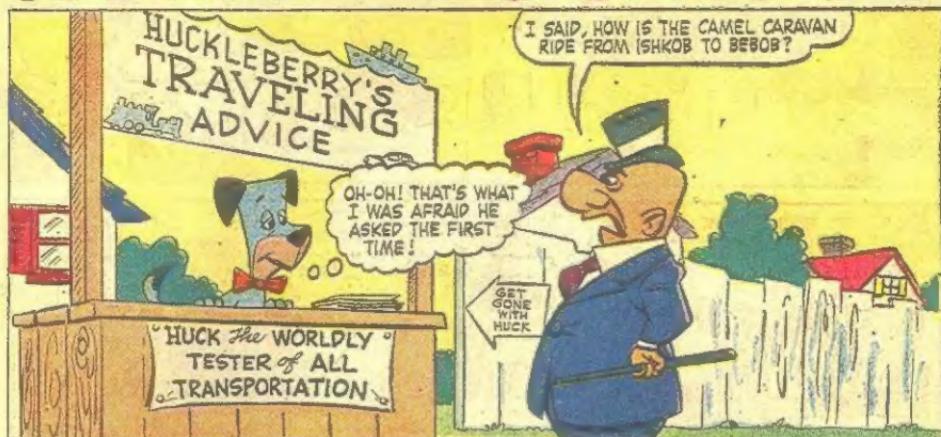
PRIZES-PRIZES-PRIZES!

Announcing
Big Dell Comics
Contest!



Huckleberry Hound

HUMPTY BUMPTY



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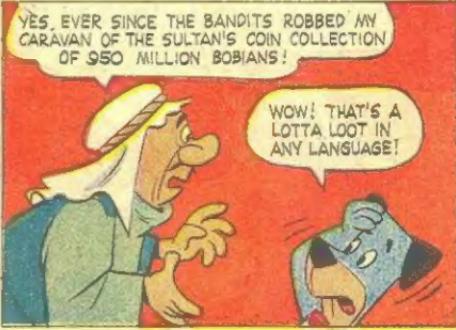
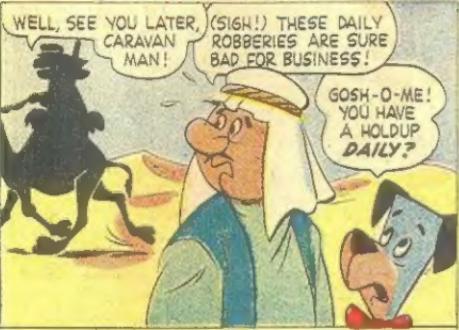




AND NOW LINE UP SO I CAN SEE YOUR FACES CLEARLY!

BÄH! FOOEY! GRRR! OH, I GET SO MAD.
LOOKING AT SUCH DISAPPOINTING FACES!

TCH! I GUESS PURTY
FACES NEVER RIDE
THIS CARAVAN!



THAT'S RIGHT, IT'S THREE
NOW, BUT IT USED TO BE
FOUR! SMALL DIFFERENCE!
NO CAN CATCH ANYHOW!

HMM... ONE OF 'EM
MUST'VE **QUIT**...
AND THEY MUST HAVE
A REAL-REAL
SECRET HIDE-OUT!

SIR OFFICER, I JUST GOT AN IDEA!
I'LL RIDE THE NEXT

CARAVAN
DISGUISED AS
A BANDIT
LOOKIN' FOR
A JOB!



IF THEY'LL TAKE ME WITH 'EM TO THEIR HIDE-OUT,
I'LL SNEAK BACK AND LET YOU KNOW JUST
WHERE IT IS!

GREAT,
BUT, ER...YOU'RE
A SHORT SORT
FOR THAT
SPORT!



HAT...NOSE AND WHISKERS...AND SITTIN' UP
ATOP A ONE-BUMPER WILL MAKE ME LOOK PLENTY
TALL! ROBE, PLEASE!



HALT, LONE RIDER!

HEH! I HOPE THEY'LL BE
CONVINCED THAT I'M
THEIR KIND!

I'VE GOT A DANDY
YARN ALL MADE UP
TO FOOL EM!







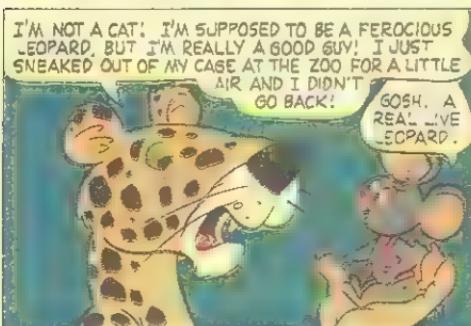
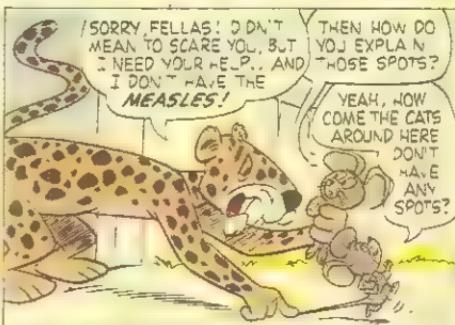






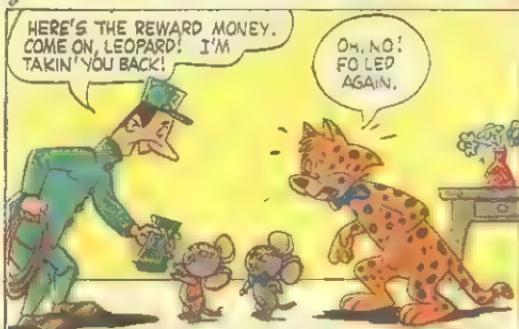
PIXIE, DIXIE and MR. JINKS

SPOT THE SPOTS









YOGI BEAR PROPERTY PROBLEM

WELL, THERE GOES ANOTHER AFTERNOON SNOOZE!

SOMETHING'S GOT TO BE DONE ABOUT THIS! ONLY A SAP CAN TAKE A NAP WITH WATER IN HIS LAP!

IT'S YOUR OWN FAULT, YOGI!
MY FAULT?

YOU WERE THE ONE WHO SUGGESTED WE MOVE INTO A CAVE NEXT TO OLD FITFUL, SO WE'D HAVE RUNNING WATER!

YEAH, BUT I DIDN'T EXPECT IT TO BE RUNNING IN OUR FACES!

BESIDES, HOW D I KNOW THE CAVE HAD A LEAKY ROOF, GOOF?

WELL, WHAT ARE WE GOING TO DO ABOUT IT? I DON'T LIKE SWIMMING TO BREAKFAST EVERY MORNING!

MY MOTO'S, IF YOU CAN'T LICK 'EM... GIVE 'EM!

YIPPEE! I WAS HOPE YOU'D SAY THAT!

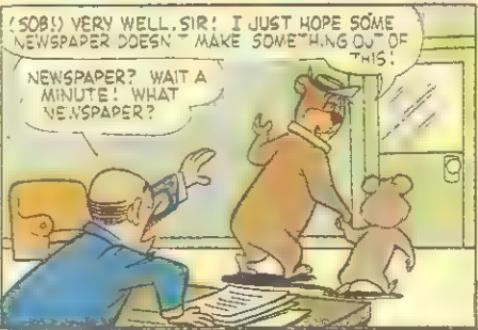
WE'LL JUST PACK UP OUR CLOTHES AND PUT AN END TO OUR WOES!

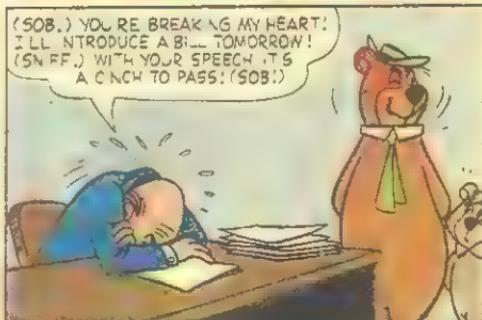
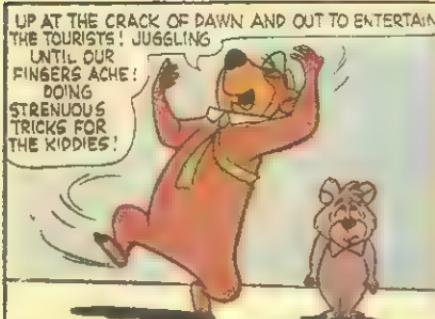
DON'T BE SILLY, BOO BOO! THE PARK IS FULL OF CAVES AND CAVERNS FOR HGH-TYPE TENANTS LIKE US!

BUT, YOGI, WHAT IF WE CAN'T FIND ANOTHER PLACE TO LIVE?

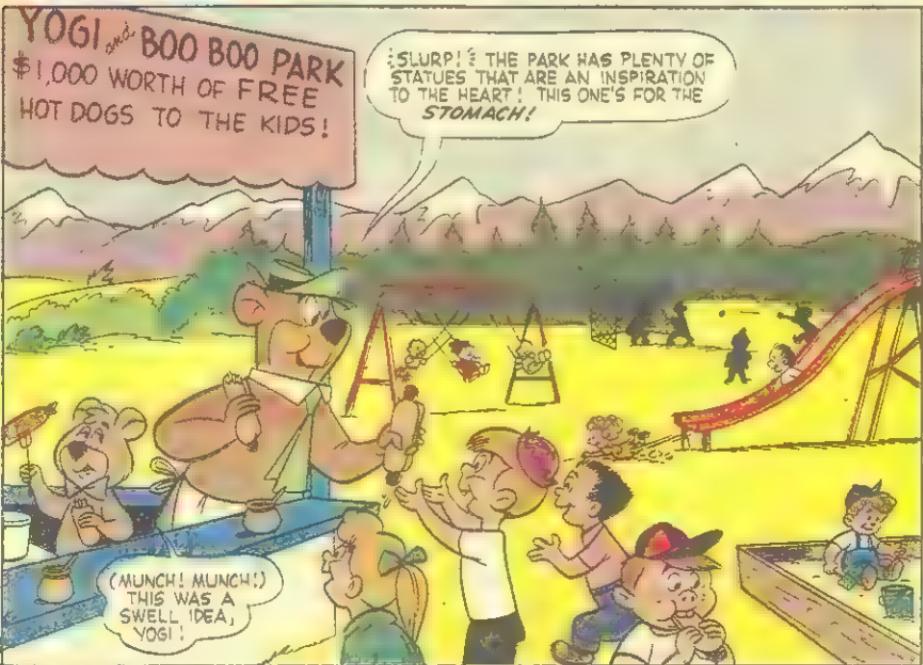














"Now don't forget," Mama elephant reminded Packy, "go straight down to the water hole and get cleaned up. No short cuts, and don't stop to play. You must be back here by noon. It is very important," she said emphatically. "You will be able to tell when it is noon, because the sun will be directly overhead in the sky. Now hurry," she added, paddling him gently with her trunk.

Packy bounced off through the thick brush toward the water hole. "Don't delay, don't stop to play, hurry home right away," he chanted over and over so he wouldn't forget what his mama had told him.

Mama watched him go with a worried frown. "I wonder if I should have told him about the birthday party. What if he forgets to come right home? Everything will be ruined. Still, if I had told him, it wouldn't be a surprise party at all," she decided.

Packy loved nothing better than to splash in the water hole. The minute he dabbled his toes in the cool wet water, he completely forgot about everything but the joy of playing in the pool. He forgot that he had only come to get clean, and he was soon rolling over, first on one side, then the other, until the water churned and bubbled.

"PHEEE! What fun!" he trumpeted happily, spraying his back in a shower of rain.

"PHEEE!" he bellowed as loud as he could. This was a signal for his friends to come out and join the fun. "PHEEE!" he repeated, but nothing happened. No one came. "I wonder why they are hiding," he muttered. "Hey! That's it. They are hiding on purpose. They must want me to look for them."

Packy bounced out of the pool and shook the water off his back. "It's sure hot today," he noticed, looking at the sun directly over his head but not remembering that noon was the time his mama had told him to come home.

"Here I come, ready or not!" he warned bouncing down the trail, looking in all the regular hiding places his friends used, and some very irregular ones, too. But on this day, it seemed the jungle was deserted.

Packy finally stopped to catch his breath when he found himself on the trail heading towards home. The familiar landmarks reminded him of something. "PHEEE! What shall I do now? What was it Mama told me not to forget? I think she said to go out and play and not come home until I saw the moon," he guessed incorrectly. "It's no fun to play alone. I'd better go home, anyhow. I'll bet Mama will understand when I explain it to her," he decided, turning and lumbering down the homeward path.

He was almost there when he heard laughing, happy voices, echoing from the clearing ahead.

"PHEEE! Sounds like a party. I wonder why no one invited me. I love parties," he said in a sad voice. "Or maybe I was invited and just forgot about it. I do forget things occasionally. I think I'll go, anyway. Maybe they will invite me to stay."

His decision made, Packy bounded through a tangle of vines and found himself right in the midst of all the friends he had been searching for. "Surprise! It's me, Packy!" he trumpeted. "I've come to the party, too. Can I stay?" he asked hopefully.

"Surprise, yourself!" "It's your party!" "Of course you can stay." "Where were you?" "Happy birthday!" his friends all shouted and laughed as they crowded around him.

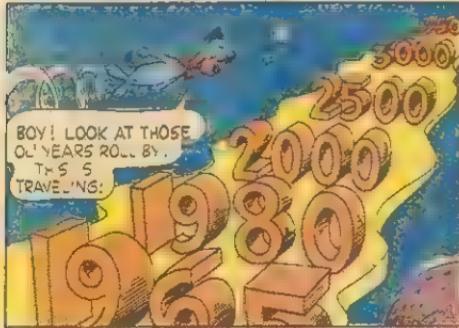
But his mama looked at him and shook her head. "Oh, Packy! You are so forgetful that you almost spoiled your own surprise party."

"PHEEE!" Packy trumpeted. "I wouldn't say that. This way we were all surprised. Even you, Mama!" he giggled.

Huckleberry Hound

The SPACE PATROLLER

MAN! THIS ROCKET RUDY OF THE
SPACE PATROL HAS SOME EXC.TIN'
ADVENTURES! I SURE DO WISH I
COULD LIVE IN THOSE DAYS!











WHILE YOU WERE GONE, WE STARTED USING
JELLY BEANS FOR MONEY!
HAVE ONE!

WELL, SO LONG! I JUST HOPE
YOU DON'T HAVE TROUBLES WITH
A JELLY BEAN BANDIT!



THOSE MARTIANS ARE SURE SMART!
JELLY BEANS MAKE MUCH PRETTIER
MONEY THAN MARSHMALLOWS!



HEY! WHA...?



OH-OH! HERE I
GO HOME! BACK
THROUGH TIME!



WOWEE! HERE I AM.
...BACK IN MY OWN
LIVING ROOM! WHAT
A DREAM!

1961 1970 1980 19



IMAGINE ME DREAMING
THAT I HAD A FAIRY-TYPE
GODMOTHER!

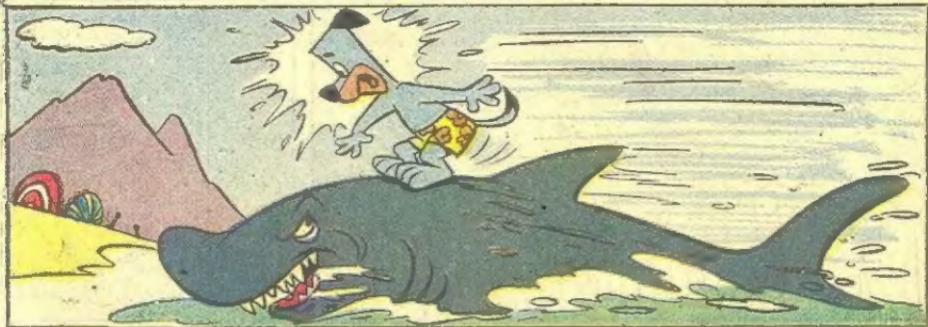


LET HIM GO ON
BELIEVING IN
DREAMS! WE
KNOW BETTER,
DON'T WE,
KIDS?

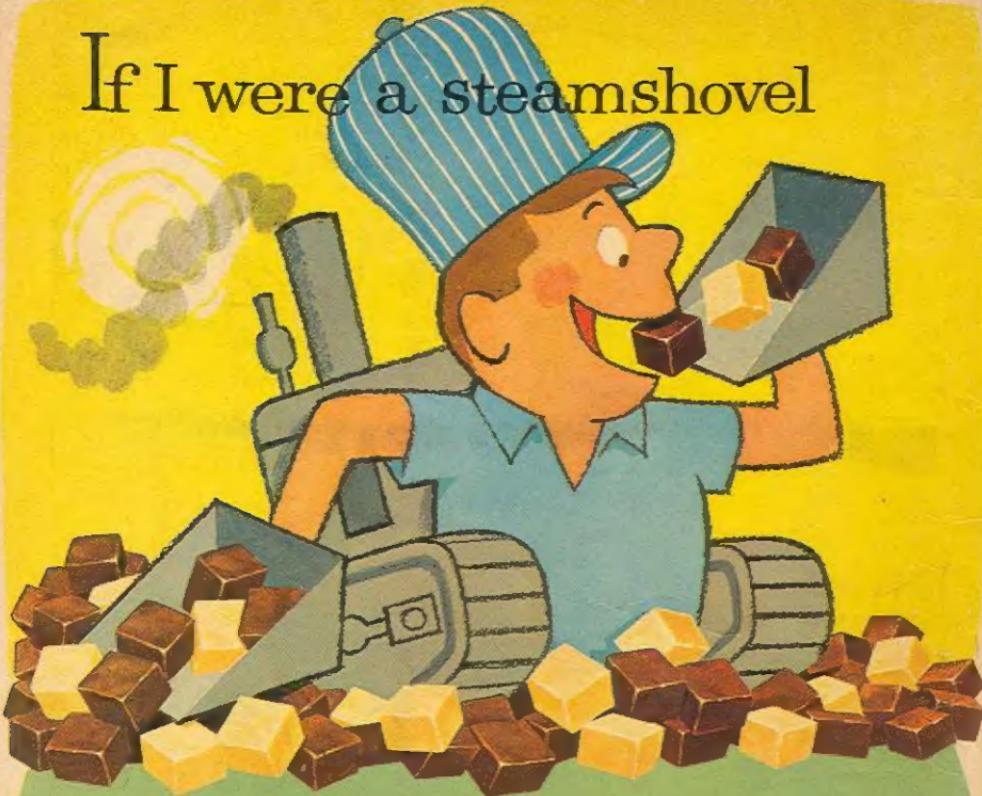


Huckleberry Hound

ON THE BEACH



If I were a steamshovel



I'd use both hands to scoop up
Kraft Fudgies (both kinds-Chocolate and Vanilla)

You'll dig 'em the most! They're creamy smooth and just bursting with energy. In bars of six, or ask Mom to buy the big bag—you get a lot of candy for your money either way!

Kraft makes Fudgies like Kraft makes everything—and that's good!



See Perry Como's "Kraft Music Hall," NBC-TV, Wednesday nights